

STOMACH MISERY GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

Told in a Few Words.

An Englishman had bought through an agent an estate in the northern Highlands, and when summer came he went to inspect it. One part of his journey was by coach, and he thought to get some information about the place from the driver. So after some preliminaries: "You may know a place called Cloch na Killy?" "I do that," "And what do you think of the place?" "I will not be thinking much," "Oh! Tell me what you think," "If ye were to see the de'il tethered there ye'd say, 'Fuir brute!'"

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Adv.

Couldn't Name All Children. The father of 30 children is the proud distinction of a postoffice employe of Bissen in Prussia. No. 30 arrived a few days ago, and as they have run out of family names the parents are still undecided upon a name for the child.

Tetterine for Ring Worm and Skin Disease.

Vannoy, S. C., July 17, 1908. My wife uses your Tetterine for Ringworm, also uses it in her family for all kind of skin diseases, and she thinks it a good medicine. There is no substitute.

Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Itching Flies, Corns, Chubbins and every form of Scalp and Skin Disease. Tetterine 50c; Tetterine Soap 25c. At drug stores or by mail direct from The Shurtzine Co., Savannah, Ga.

With every mail order for Tetterine we give a box of Shurtzine's Ice Liver Pills free. Adv.

Its Advantages.

"I want to get a certificate of membership in a Wanderlust club." "Well, that is one society where you can be in good standing when you get your walking papers."

Sometimes Apply It Lightly.

For cuts, burns, scalds, sores and open wounds always apply Hanford's Balsam lightly, but be sure that it covers and gets to the bottom of the wound. A few light applications are generally all that is needed to heal this class of difficulties. Adv.

In the Spotlight.

Mrs. Grammercy—I thought your divorce case was coming up this month? Mrs. Park—I had my lawyers get a postponement, because my new gowns wouldn't be finished in time.—Judge.

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your Rheumatism and all kinds of aches and pains—Neuralgia, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Old Sores, Burns, etc. Antiseptic Anodyne. Price 25c.—Adv.

Biting on Germs.

Some one told a certain young woman, says the Orleans Progress-Examiner, that the family physician had said that there were thousands of germs in ice cream. "And all the time," ran her comment, "I thought they were just strawberry seeds."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle 4c.

Think What They Say?

He—I like to hear a man say what he thinks. She—But people who say what they think generally think such disagreeable things.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

Mr. Grimestone Squelched.

Mr. Grimestone—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculously big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them." Mrs. Grimestone—"Do you fill your silk hat?"



A GAME OF BASEBALL INFLUENCED BY THE MAGNETIC RAY.

Captain MacManus, retired airskipper, and his coterie of Master Altrights, leaned on the rail of the New York receiving float of the F. C. & A. Aerial line and watched a huge yellow dirigible shoot past on the 5000-foot level.

"The Hong Kong and Washington express," said one of the younger M. A.'s, "she's carrying the Hong Kong baseball team to the opening game of the International Aerial league season at Washington tomorrow. That ought to be a typhoon of a game. Good thing they've got the mechanical umpires perfected now. No living man would stand a show umpiring for that bunch tomorrow. Seems impossible to think that any human being was ever reckless enough to act as umpire of a baseball game, the way they did back in 1912 or thereabouts. I wonder why they did it?"

"Why did they do it?" grunted old Captain MacManus. "Because they were men in those days, that's why. They weren't like you delicate, air-bourished infants who are afraid to come nearer than 500 feet to earth for fear of hitting the microbe strata. Why, in my early days, we—Puncture my gas tanks! That reminds me. I was the first man to introduce air ships into the international game—'twas only national then, though—of baseball. And that was when they still played the game on the ground. In my humble little way I was the man who first gave people the idea of elevating the game to its present high level."

"Help! Help!" moaned a young captain. "They used to kill people for perpetrating such things in the old days."

"Never mind," said MacManus. "The old days are past. But it's the truth I'm telling. I was the one to first

good fanning bee me and Bill had when we had to go up to the 10,000-foot level and lay waiting for a storm to settle down below.

"Bill," I said to him on one of these occasions, "who's going to win the pennant this year?"

"We are," says he. "I'm in great form this year."

"But Chicago's running you an awful close race, Bill," I said. "They're keeping only one game behind you."

"That's where we want them," says Bill. "It's a frameup. We're going to run away from the other teams in the league. Chi and New York will be tied up to the last game. Chicago fans will be willing to bet their heads off. We've got the money to bet 'em. Then we'll win."

"But how do you know you'll win, Bill?" I asked.

"I'm going to pitch," says he. "Don't tell anybody. This is just between you and me."

"That made me feel pretty warm toward the great man, and I put myself out to make it as pleasant as I could for him when he was riding with me, and he appreciated it and pretty soon we were the best friends in the world."

"Well, finally it came the day before the game that was to settle the league championship, and sure enough, just as Bill had said, Chicago and New York were tied for first place, and one game would settle the hash. That night Bill took flight down to Atlantic City with me to settle his nerves, and suddenly he says to me, 'Mac, I'm up against it.'"

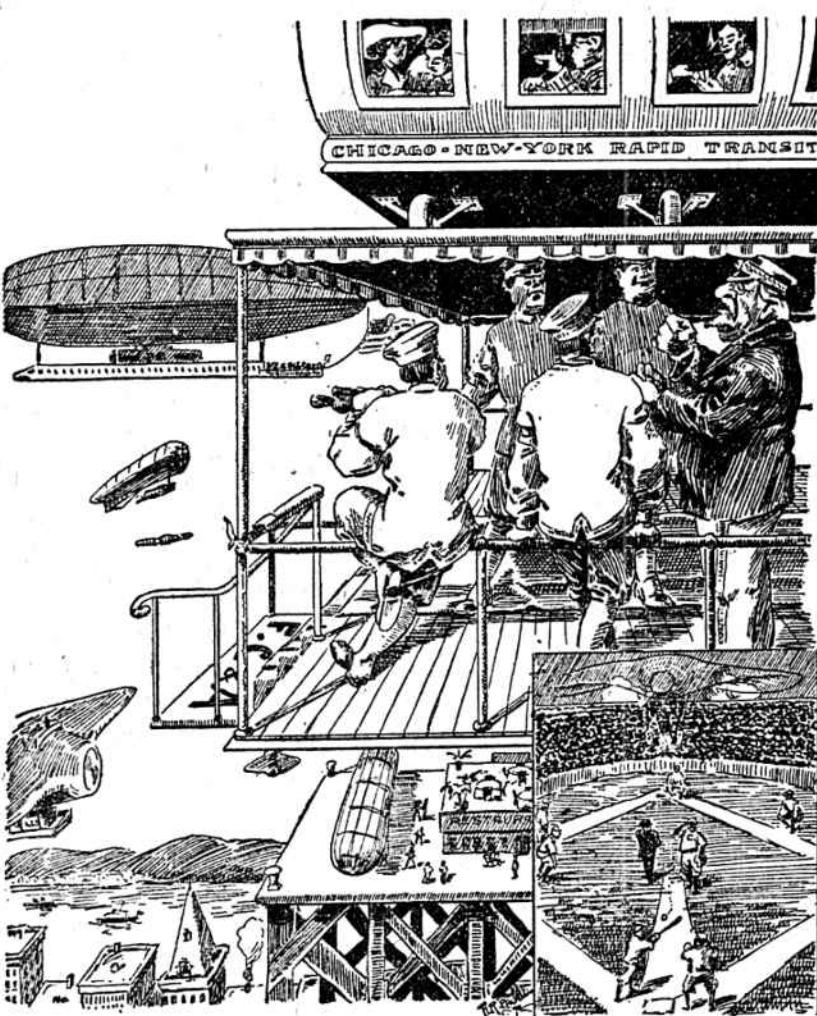
"Why?" says I.

"I've got to throw the game tomorrow."

"Bill!" I says, horrified.

"Yes," he says, "that's just what I've got to do."

"You can't," I said; and then I told him what I'd done. Knowing that he was going to pitch and win, I'd gone



"The secret was I was lying up there in the air in Prof. Ignatz's invisible, sky-blue, self-balancing aeroplane, with his new magnetic ray bearing right on the rubber."

demonstrate that airships and baseball could mix. It was in the year 1920, which was before most of you children were born, when people still turned to stare up in the air when they heard a ship's propellers whirling, and when the man who could write 'Master Altright' after his name still was looked up to, to use an ancient phrase. I was running a little excursion packet, the 'Star Tamer,' that operated between New York city and Atlantic City, a two hours' run in those days, it being before we began to make much speed.

"Naturally, having this sort of a run in those days, when people thought it was something of a treat to ride in a dirigible, we came into contact with a lot of the most prominent people in the country. One day we'd have on board Lillian Russell, who was just as young looking then as she is now, going down to spend a few hours at Atlantic City; next day we'd have a senator from Mexico, coming up to New York to take a look at the lights, and next, probably, Bill Flinger, champion pitcher of the New York ball team, or some other great personage."

"Didn't you ever have Ty Cobb?" asked the young captain.

"Ty Cobb?" said Captain MacManus. "Who was he?"

"I don't know. I read about him in an ancient history the other day," said the youngster. "But to go on with your story."

"As I was saying, I naturally got acquainted with these great people, with hauling them to and fro between the two resorts, and pointed out to them where the Statue of Liberty used to be, and so on, and pretty soon I was on friendly terms with a lot of them, and of course the friendship that I prized the most was that of Bill Flinger of the New Yorks."

"Bill was as nice and sociable a little fellow as ever you saw, and he wasn't at all stuck up, because he was going to be put in the Hall of Fame. He'd talk to you just as if he was an ordinary man, and many the



and begged and borrowed every cent I could lay my hands on and had bet it on New York to win. 'If you lose, Bill,' says I, 'I'm a dead duck.'"

"Bill almost cried, he was that broken-hearted. 'But I can't help it, Mac,' says he. 'Morgan has ordered that New York lose.'"

"Of course, after that there wasn't anything more to say. Bill had his orders from the nation's boss to go in and pitch the full nine innings, but not to put any speed or curves on the ball, just to put 'em right over where the Chicago could line 'em out. Having the orders straight from Morgan, he had to obey, of course."

"Don't think hard of me, Mac," he says, gripping my hand. "It's fate."

"I understand, Bill," I said. Morgan and Fate were the same in those days.

"I went into the steering turret and sat down to think it over. It certainly looked as if my gas-tanks were punctured and I was doomed to fail. If New York lost, as they were sure to do, with Bill pitching that way, there wasn't much left for me except to make a nice little hole in the water somewhere near Ellis Island and the Jersey shore. I didn't like water in those days, so I began to think. My little job was to figure out how to keep Chicago bats from colliding with Bill's curves. It was something of a job, the way Chicago was hitting in those days, and Bill being ordered to serve them nothing but straight, easy balls. Did I despair? Ha! Little you know of Captain MacManus of 40 years ago who ask that question."

"When I got back to New York city I hurried up to Yonkers to see Professor Ignatz, the man who knew more about air-flying, electric currents, magnets and so on than anybody would believe, and told him how I was fixed."

"Rest easy, Mac," says he, and took me out to his bungalow and showed me his new invisible, sky-blue, self-balancing aeroplane."

"Watch me," says he, and up he went. In two minutes he was out of

sight, though when he megaphoned me I could hear him plainly.

"My own secret," says he. "Absolutely invisible from the ground. Come here," he says, and he shows me a tiny searchlight machine. "My new invisible ray," he says, and he shows me how it works."

"Saved!" I said, and went out and borrowed some more money to bet on New York."

"That afternoon 100,000 people were in the grandstands when the Chicago-New York game was called. We used to think that was a crowd in the old days. Old Bill was in the box. Blinker was at bat for Chicago. Bill sailed one over. Blinker looked at it in amazement. It was a perfectly straight, slow ball, right where Blinker could kill it. Blinker pulled down his cap, set himself and waited, ready to knock it out of the lot. The ball came over. It was the same kind as before. Blinker swung. But as it was about to connect with the ball his bat jumped about two inches and he missed. He tried it three times. Then he went back to the bench looking puzzled."

"That was the way it went the whole game. Bill was serving up straight, slow ones right over the heart of the plate and the Chicagos were swinging at them, and missing them because their bats jumped about two inches just before they met the ball."

"With New York it was just the other way. They'd swing at a ball way outside the plate and the bat would shoot over and connect. When the last man was out the score stood: Chicago 0, New York 10. And Bill had pitched as he was ordered."

"You see, the secret was that I was laying up there in the air right above the plate in Professor Ignatz's invisible sky-blue, self-balancing aeroplane, with his new invisible magnetic ray bearing right on the rubber. The ray would magnetize and control anything, even a .350 hitter's bat. When a Chicago man would swing I would wait until the bat was near the ball, then jerk it up and let the ball go by. When it was a New Yorker I'd guide the bat smack against the ball. That, gentlemen, is how airships and baseball first began to mix."

There was a long silence. "What did you do with all the money you won?" asked the young captain.

"Blast your dynamo, you inquisitive cub!" roared Captain MacManus. "I endowed a school for teaching cubs respect for their superiors."

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FINDING NAMES FOR NOVELS

Modern Authors Differ From Those of the Past in Selecting Titles for Their Volumes.

Modern novelists find it difficult to find titles for their books, but, characteristically, Dickens could always hit on a score or so of titles for his books, and found difficulty only in the selection of one from among so many. For "Bleak House," for instance, he drew up a list of twelve possible titles—including "The Ruined House," "Tom-all-alones," "The Solitary House," "The East Wind," "Bleak House and the East Wind"—and submitted it to Forster for selection. It is worth noting that in the end Dickens always chose the most effective of the titles he devised.

Talking of titles for stories, how 's it that the eponymous title is shunned by modern authors and frowned upon by publishers? Surely the name of your hero or heroine should be good enough for a novel. Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith all favored the eponymous title, and it is certainly easier to remember than any other. What could be better than "Tristram Shandy," or "Pendennis," or "David Copperfield," or "Richard Feverel"? Mr. Pugh's "Tony Drum" is a perfect title, worthy of that remarkable book. The catchy title that so many modern writers seem to strain after is, as often as not, by no means easy to remember, and when you have finished the book you wonder what the title has to do with it. Let us get back to simplicity in this matter.—London Chronicle.

Worth Trying.

Paul Polret, the Paris milliner, creator of the minaret and hobble skirts said in New York the other day:

"I like the Americans. The women are very chic. The men are very capable. But your breakfast foods!"

"Why do you eat so many queer breakfast foods? Aren't you afraid they'll have a deleterious effect upon your temperament?"

"A Brooklyn lady told me yesterday that she had said that morning to her parlor maid:

"I don't know what's come over my husband. Instead of starting off for the office cursing and swearing, as usual, he went out just now with a hop and a skip, happy and twittering and whistling like a bird."

"It's my fault, madam," said the maid contritely. "I got the wrong package and gave him bird seed for breakfast food."

A Cute Quaker.

One morning a Quaker happening to rise before any other member of his household, was surprised to find that his house had been burgled during the night, and several small but valuable articles stolen.

After considering the matter for a while, he decided, however, to raise no alarm, not even to tell his wife, for the present.

His cuteness was quickly rewarded. Late in the afternoon of the same day he was stopped by a neighbor.

"I am sorry to hear of your misfortune," said the neighbor. "Has the rascal taken much?"

"Is it necessary, friend," he asked slyly, "that the rascal should put such a question to me? Where has he hidden thy plunder?"

A Hint.

"Mr. Statelay, I do hope you will justify my brother's good opinion of you."

"What is that, Miss Preface?" "He told me yesterday you were one of the enterprising young men of the town who are going some."

KAISER AS A PEACE LOVER

German Monarch Too Religious to Be First to Make War, Old Playmate Said of Him.

Paris.—In the second volume of his memoirs, which he has just published, M. de Freycinet, a former prime minister of France, relates that one day when conversing with Count von Munster, the German ambassador in Paris, the latter tried to convince him that France had no need to seek Russia's support, for she had nothing to fear from Germany or the triple alliance.

"With your new emperor," replied M. de Freycinet, "who knows what will happen now that he has dismissed Bismarck?"

At this moment the daughter of Count von Munster joined in the conversation, and declared energetically: "Do not make any suggestions. I know William. I played with him as a child, and I never miss seeing him when I am in Berlin. His sentiments are highly religious. He will never be the first to make war." The ambassador confirmed this view.

M. de Freycinet adds that he was much impressed by the evident sincerity of the opinion thus expressed. "Nevertheless," he says, "I continued to doubt the opinion of the countess. Was she not badly placed to see things in their correct light? The safety of a great people must not depend solely on the good will of others. It must rest on armaments and alliances."

"So, while assuring Count von Munster that a rapprochement with Russia was a purely defensive measure, which was quite true, I nevertheless worked to make that rapprochement still closer."

IN VERY PRIMITIVE AMOY

Finest Rice in China Grown in Province Where Customs Never Change—Dearth of Men.

London.—The inhabitants of Amoy plant and reap their crops as they have done for centuries, and manufacture products in the same way. The results are not bad, however, for about 30 miles from Amoy the finest rice in China is grown. Here also is the soil particularly adapted to the Chinese lily.

Almost all of the cultivation of the soil is done by hand. The rice plants are transplanted by hand and the fields frequently weeded in the same way. If a farmer has some surplus plants he throws them in an unused corner near a well and those who lack energy for their planting may have them for the asking.

Such implements as are in use are extremely crude. The native plow does little more than scratch the surface, and the simple and inexpensive harrow is usually drawn by an Indian cow or bullock or sometimes by the water buffalo. Horses and donkeys are rarely used.

The emigration from this district has been very heavy, and the male population of whole villages is largely limited to old men and boys. Women are to be found whose husbands left for the South soon after marriage and have hardly been heard of since.

Occasionally they return after years of absence and purchase or adopt a son for their Chinese wife, so that their ancestors may be revered and they themselves have some one to look after their graves. Having thus provided for the future, they go back to their adopted land and return to China only to die on their native soil. In many cases they never return, and their wives wait patiently in vain year after year.

On the highest point of a mountain at the entrance to the Amoy Harbor stands a pagoda, more than 1800 feet above the sea and visible for miles. This pagoda, called the Southern Sentinel, is said to have been erected by a faithful wife that her husband, whose return she had awaited in vain, might know that she had been mindful of him if he came back after her death.

CHESTNUT BLIGHT KILLS MAN

Fifth Connecticut Victim Dies After Eating Squirrel Infected by Blighted Nuts.

Glastonbury, Conn.—Another death attributed to the chestnut blight, the fifth in the state this fall, occurred here.

Everett Hale, thirty, was taken ill after eating a gray squirrel.

The attending physician gave the cause of death as ptomaine poisoning, due to blighted chestnuts which the squirrel had eaten.

Harrison to Visit Anderson.

Anderson.—Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern railway, has accepted the invitation extended by the Chamber of Commerce of Anderson to visit this city and address a gathering of business men. President Kenly of the Atlantic Coast Line was also extended an invitation, and he has written that he will come, provided nothing comes up that may cause him to change his plans. That meeting will be held February 24, and President W. S. Lee, P. & N. Lines, and Mr. A. W. Anderson will also be present.

Newspaper Man Resigns.

Yorkville.—W. A. Fair has resigned as editor of the York News, his resignation taking effect January 1. Mr. Fair accepted the position in September on the organization of the York Publishing Company and has been very successful in his work, producing an excellent county paper. He will make Lincolnton, N. C. his home and will engage in newspaper work or in some other local business. Mr. Fair's principal reason for resigning is that he is captain of Troop A of the North Carolina National Guard.

Hearse Is No Pleasure Vehicle.

Boston.—A hearse is not a pleasure vehicle, was the ruling of Judge Bruce of Malden when he imposed a fine of \$10 upon Michael J. Carroll of Roxbury for driving a motor hearse over the Fellsway boulevard, in Modford. Judge Bruce held, however, that three black limousine cars, in which were the mourners in the auto funeral that Carroll headed, could not come under the Metropolitan park commission ruling, which excludes all but pleasure vehicles from the boulevards.

MILITIA IS IN NEED

GENERAL ASSEMBLY WILL BE REQUESTED TO DOUBLE THE APPROPRIATIONS.

MAY LOSE THE FEDERAL AID

National Guard Officers Urge Legislation to Allow \$25,000 For Maintenance of The State Militia.—Some Comparative Figures.

Columbia.—Officers of the National Guard Association of South Carolina have addressed a letter to the members of the general assembly, urging an appropriation of \$25,000 for maintenance of the companies next year. The letter to the legislature is signed by E. C. von Trescow, secretary of the association. The appropriation will also be recommended to the legislature by W. W. Moore, adjutant and inspector general, in his annual report.

Letter to the members of the house and senate follows:

"Representing the National Guard Association of South Carolina, I am writing to you to request your earnest attention, as a member of the general assembly, to the fact that the granting of a regular annual appropriation of \$25,000 to the National Guard is an absolute necessity if South Carolina is to continue to have militia organizations."

"The crisis our militia passed through last summer, when the war department was about to withdraw its support, has brought up plainly and squarely to the people of our state the question: Do they want a National Guard or not? And there is no question but that the overwhelming majority, for reasons unnecessary to state, want a state militia."

"Unless the appropriation is increased from \$12,000 to \$25,000 it will not be possible for the militia to remain in the National Guard, and the withdrawal from the National Guard would mean the discontinuance by the United States government of the alternating annual appropriation of \$60,000 and \$80,000, and the calling in of practically the whole equipment—arms, uniforms, tentage, etc. The state then would have to spend thousands of dollars in purchasing new equipment and would either have to greatly increase the annual appropriation or reduce the strength of the militia."

"The enlisted men of the National Guard perform a patriotic duty with practically no pecuniary recompense, and the people of the state should not, and do not, ask that its National Guard continue to labor under financial difficulties when the wealth and prosperity of this great state are annually increasing."

"The following list will show that the State of South Carolina gives less, not only in proportion to the strength of its militia, but in actual appropriation, than the other states:

"Alabama, 4,000, \$37,000; Connecticut, 2,700, \$170,000; Florida, 1,300, \$40,000; Georgia, 3,000, \$25,000; Louisiana, 2,000, \$35,000; North Carolina, 2,500, \$40,000; Ohio, 6,000, \$450,000; New York, 16,000, \$750,000; Maryland, 1,900, \$70,000; Massachusetts, 6,000, \$600,000; Kentucky, 1,600, \$20,000; Tennessee, 1,500, \$20,000; Virginia, 2,500, \$60,000; South Carolina, 1,900, \$12,000."

"You are therefore asked to support, at the ensuing term of the general assembly, a \$25,000 annual appropriation for the National Guard."

Charleston Northern Railway. Charleston—Though there are no indications of actual construction having commenced on the Charleston Northern railway, the company continues to purchase property in Charleston for right of way and terminal facilities. In the office of the register of mesne conveyance was recorded recently the transfer of three pieces of property on Washington and Inspection streets by Anna F. A. Schumacher to the Charleston Northern railway, the actual consideration being withheld.

Chester to Build Jail. Chester.—The Chester county board of commissioners met to near the report of the recently appointed committee, which was to consider the matter of the county having a new jail. John C. McAfee, chairman, made a full report regarding the work which the committee had done. It was decided by the commissioners to inaugurate the preliminary steps to secure for this county a new and modern jail. It was thought best to place the jail at the rear of the present court house.

Disgusted. Church—Did the lecturer fire his audience? Gotham—No; the audience "fired" him.

The Test. She—Women can fight as well as men. He—Certainly, if it comes to the scratch.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Almost a Straight Line. "What's the title of this moving picture?" "A Drunkard's Career," in three reels.

"Phaw! A drunkard's career that contains only three reels is nothing to be excited over."

COLDS & LAGRIFFE 5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of Colds & Fever, Colds & Lagriffe; it acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. Price 25c.—Adv.

Not a Linguist. Mrs. Worlidy—If, as you say, your master kissed you against